

# A COPY OF VERSES,

HUMBLY PRESENTED

To all his Worthy Masters and Mistrisses

In the Town of LAMBETH.

By THOMAS OULDMAN, Bell-Man,

## PROLOGUE.

To all my worthy Masters, I present  
These following Lines, hoping they'll give Content:  
I have but little Learning, Sirs, therefore  
On lofty Lines I don't pretend to soar.



But in a mean and Modest Civil Dress,  
I labour here my Duty to express:  
And if it please you, then I have my ends,  
Hoping my Masters, you will be my Friends.

### His Prayer for the CHURCH.

Lord let thy Church be here with Glory Crown'd,  
And all her Members in Obedience found  
Unto thy Righteous Laws, so Good, so Just;  
Wherein we may enjoy Eternal Rest:  
Let Holy Angels Guard that Sacred place,  
Wherein we may obtain the means of Grace.

### On St. Andrew's Day.

ST. Andrew, blest Apostle, which did Preach  
His Lords dear Will, and Man the way did teach  
To Everlasting Life, scorned to fear  
The Threats of Death; this day did Witnesse bear  
Of his firm Faith in Christ; for being ty'd  
Unto a Racking Cross, he Preaching Dy'd.

### On Christmas Day.

This blessed Day let every Nation Sing,  
Glory and Praise to our Eternal King;  
Who did from Heaven send his only Son  
To save our Souls, who were by Sin undone:  
Then let us all joyntly with one accord,  
Give Praise and Thanks unto the living Lord,  
Whose loving kindness was to us so great,  
My Tongue wants Eloquence it to relate.

### On St. Stephen's Day.

ST. Stephen's Day is usher'd in apace,  
Who in his Lord and Masters eyes found Grace,  
To be the first of Martyrs, and to Bleed,  
The next to him, whose Blood the World has freed  
From that sad Curse that did attend us all,  
As Heirs to Adam, in his Wretched Fall.

### On St. John's Day.

ST. John you know, beloved was 'most dear  
By blessed Jesus, while he lived here;  
The Scriptures say, that he above the rest,  
Had liberty to lean upon Christ's Breast:  
Oh! blest was he that had so great a Friend,  
Whose love for ever lasts, and hath no end:  
But certain 'tis he did submit to Death,  
Tho' few can tell us where he lost his Breath.

### On Innocents Day.

This Day Blood-thirsty Herod in a Rage,  
His Thirst with Infant Blood thought to assuage;  
Aiming at his which for our Sins was shed,  
Yet all in vain, for he to Egypt fled:  
Though Rachel weep'd for her Children sore,  
Slain in the Streets, because there were no more.

### On New-Years Day.

ALL you that do the Bell-Man hear,  
The First Day of this hopeful Year;  
I do in love Admonish you,  
To bid your Old Sins all adieu;  
And walk as Gods just Laws requires,  
In Holy Deeds and good Desires:  
Which if to do you'll do your best,  
God will in Christ forgive the rest.



### On Dark Nights.

AS Darksome Night unto thy thoughts present,  
What 'tis to want the Days bright Element;  
So let thy Soul descend through Contemplation,  
Where utter Darknes keeps her Habitation;  
Where endless, caseless, pains remediless,  
Attend to torture Sins curst Willfulness.  
O then remember whilst thou yet hast time,  
To call for Mercy for each forepast Crime;  
And with good David, wash thy Bed with Tears,  
That so Repentance may subdue Hells fears;  
Then shall thy Soul, more pure than the Sun,  
Joy as a Gyant her best Race to run;  
And in unspotted Robes her self address,  
To meet her Lord, that Son of Righteousness:  
To whom with God, the Father, and the Spirit,  
Be all due Praise, where all true Joys inherit.

### A Verse to my Loving Masters.

IT is the Duty of a Servant still  
To strive his Masters pleasure to fulfill;  
Therefore it shall my chief endeavour be  
To please them all that are so kind to me:  
I own that by their Bounty I do live,  
Therefore to them I hearty thanks do give:  
And hope that with them I shall never part,  
Till conquering Death doth pierce my tender heart.

### To my Loving Mistrisses.

Right worthy Dames, Vertuous in all their ways,  
I can't forbear, but must set forth their praise:  
Raptures of Love does all their Lives attend,  
When Crosses does their Husbands here offend:  
They'll bear a part with them in Grief or Care,  
So that I say, Good Women Blessings are;  
To sweeten all the Sorrows of this life,  
No Friend is like a kind and loving Wife:  
Their Vertues I esteem, and value more,  
Then all the Gold on the Rich Indian Shore.

### To New-Married Men.

Wake your Wives you Men that's newly Wed,  
And let them know the joys of Marriage Bed;  
Do not lye slugging like a Logg of Wood,  
Be quick and active, else you'll do no good:  
O Man be careful of thy loving Wife,  
And love her as thou lov'st thy life;  
And then I dare with boldness say,  
That you'll enjoy quietness e'ry day:  
For Vertuous Women are such pritty things,  
Fit Company for Emperors and Kings.  
Though with my Bell I this Discourse do raise,  
I want a Tongue to set forth Womens Praise.

### To Young Men.

Young Men I here present you with a Verse,  
Observe, I pray, what I herein rehearse;  
Seek ye the Lord, and serve your Masters too,  
And then a Blessing will attend on you;  
When as that happy Day you live to see,  
Of this great Ancient City to be free:  
O then be Thrifty, strive to get and save,  
And by this means you may good Matches have;  
Like to your Seniors, soon to Riches rise,  
Right Worthy Citizens, both Grave and Wise.

### To the MAIDS.

You Youthful Damsels, Beautiful and fair,  
I would not have you for a Love despair:  
First learn to be a Huswife, get and save,  
Fond thoughts of Love I fain would have you wave:  
I pray observe the Bell-Man's Counsel here,  
Be Chaste and Wise, and keep your Scutcheon clear:  
And though at present you do lye alone,  
In time you may have Husbands ev'ry one.

Doubtless some whom nothing will them please,  
Will carping be, yea, and find fault with these;  
But I am bound for to submit to such,  
Hoping they won't run me down too much:  
For if some will with Learned Men find fault,  
They need not strange to see a Lay-man Halt;  
But were I in the Latin Tongue well skill'd,  
My Paper should with Learned Theams be fill'd.

## EPILOGUE.

Kind Masters and my Mistrisses, withal,  
I pray accept my Gift here, though but small;  
And when that you have well perus'd it o'er,  
Remember then your Bell-man, which is Poor.  
So I Conclude, praying that God would give  
You Health and Wealth, and Peace, while that you Live;  
And when you Dye, may you in Glory be  
Cloath'd with the Robes of Immortality.